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L C Van Vleck.



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STORIES FOR ADELAIDE :

BEING A

SECOND SERIES OF EASY READING LESSONS,

WITH DIVIDED SYLLABLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“ Stories for Emma,” “ Young Americans,”
“ Mirror,” &c.

SIX PLATES.

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TO
ADELAIDE LESLIE,

AGED FIVE YEARS,

THE FOLLOWING LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
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THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, September, 1829.

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THE FAWN.



ED-MUND OR-WELL and his sis-ter Cla-ra were on a vis-it at their un-cle Hay-don's, who liv-ed in a ve-ry re-mote part of the coun-try, on a large farm. The child-ren (who had nev-er be-fore been at a-ny place so far from the cit-y) were de-light-ed to play in the mea-dows and orch-ard, and to climb the rocks, and to ram-ble through the woods, in com-pany with their cou-sin Phil-ip Hay-don, who was a lit-tle old-er than Ed-mund.

One day they heard their aunt say, that she want-ed some fox grapes to make jel-ly, and they re-col-lect-ed hav-ing seen a great ma-ny in the woods about two miles off. They of-

fer-ed to go and gath-er a large quan-ti-ty for her; and as the bas-kets would be too hea-vy for them to car-ry so far, their un-cle said he would let them take the dear-born when they went for the grapes.

Phil-ip al-low-ed Ed-mund to help him har-ness the horse, and lift-ing Cla-ra in-to the back seat of the dear-born, with a pile of bas-kets be-fore her, the boys pla-ced them-selves on the bench in front, and they set off in high spir-its, Edmund dri-ving while in the o-pen road, and Phil-ip af-ter they got in-to the woods.

They soon came to the place where they had seen the fox grapes so a-bun-dant. It was a sort of o-pen-ing in the fo-rest, where the sur-round-ing trees were com-plete-ly cov-er-ed with vines that as-cend-ed to their high-est branch-es, and al-so ran a-long the ground, so as to form a close thick-et. These

vines were load-ed with large bunch-es of fine ripe pur-ple grapes, in such pro-fu-sion, that bar-rels full might have been gath-er-ed there.

The chil-dren got out of the dear-born, and pro-ceed-ed in-dus-tri-ous-ly to the bu-si-ness of pluck-ing the grapes, and fill-ing the bas-kets with them. It must, how-ev-er, be sup-pos-ed that they ate some as they went on.

They were talk-ing and laugh-ing ve-ry mer-ri-ly, when they saw the vines that were low on the ground be-gin to move. Cla-ra scream-ed out that a pan-ther must be hid-den un-der them; and the boys, to keep her safe, put her in-to the dear-born, till they could dis-cov-er what it real-ly was. Each then arm-ed him-self with a large stick bro-ken from the branch of an old tree that lay on the ground, and ad-vanc-ed to the place where they had seen the sha-king of the vine leaves. Cla-ra was ve-

ry much fright-en-ed, and scream-ed to the boys to let the pan-ther a-lone, and to jump into the dear-born and drive home.

The boys, how-ever, would not lis-ten to her; and pre-sent-ly the in-no-cent head of a lit-tle fawn came out from a-mong the vine leaves.

“There, Cla-ra,” ex-claim-ed Phil-ip, “there is the ob-ject of ter-ror. On-ly a pret-ty lit-tle fawn, that I sup-pose has stray-ed a-way from its mo-ther.”

Cla-ra im-me-di-ate-ly jump-ed out of the dear-born to look at the fawn, and found it en-tan-gled in the twist-ing vine branch-es.

“Oh! Phil-ip! Oh! Ed-mund!” said she, “do let us take this dear sweet crea-ture home. We shall have no trou-ble in catch-ing it, for the branch-es are hold-ing it fast for us. What a charm-ing play-thing it will be. Oh! how I love it al-rea-dy!”

Ed-mund was de-light-ed at the i-de-a of car-ry-ing the fawn home with them, and wanted to take hold of it. The poor thing was ve-ry much fright-en-ed, and trem-bled all o-ver. Phil-ip then said that he thought it bet-ter to leave the fawn where it was, that the moth-er could not be ve-ry far off, and that the lit-tle an-i-mal would be much hap-pi-er to con-tin-ue to run through the woods at its lib-er-ty. But Cla-ra could not give up the plea-sure of hav-ing so pret-ty a pet, and Ed-mund al-so thought that he should like ve-ry much to play with it. He pro-po-sed that Cla-ra should take the fawn in-to the dear-born, and hold it there while he and Phil-ip fin-ish-ed gath-er-ing the fox grapes. The fawn strug-gled so to get loose, that Cla-ra's strength could not hold out, and Ed-mund then took charge of the poor ter-ri-fi-ed lit-tle an-i-mal, hav-ing first ti-ed its legs to-geth-

er with some long grass, which he twist-ed in strings for the purpose. Cla-ra then quit-ted the dear-born, and took her bro-ther's place at the grape vines.

All the baskets were soon fil-led, and the chil-dren set off to go home; but when they were near-ly in sight of the house, Cla-ra a-gain took the fawn that she might be seen ri-ding up the lane with her new pet in her arms. As soon as they ar-ri-ved at the front gate, Ed-mund and Cla-ra began both to-ge-th-er to tell of their ad-ven-ture; but Mr. and Mrs. Hay-don said, they a-greed with Phil-ip in think-ing that the fawn had bet-ter have been left in the woods, and allowed to re-main at lib-er-ty. But Ed-mund and Cla-ra were of o-pin-ion that it could not be more hap-py in the woods than they would make it.

Cla-ra car-ri-ed it in-to her cham-ber and got a bowl of milk for it, but the

poor fawn was too fright-en-ed to eat, and hid it-self un-der the bed, where it lay tremb-ling. At din-ner, she ate but two mouth-fuls of her peach-pie, and on her aunt ask-ing her the rea-son, she said she was go-ing to save her piece for the fawn. Mrs. Hay-don prais-ed her lit-tle niece's gen-e-ros-i-ty, but told her the fawn would not eat pie, and that wild an-i-mals on-ly re-lish-ed such food as was na-tu-ral to them. "When-ev-er he is wil-ling to eat pie," con-tin-u-ed Mrs. Hay-don, "I assure you that he shall have as much as he wants with-out your share be-ing sa-ved for him."

The fawn was ve-ry rest-less all day, but to-wards eve-ning be-ing quite hun-gry, he ate some fox grapes and lap-ped some milk, to the great joy of Cla-ra, who was afraid he would starve. She in-sis-ted on hav-ing him to sleep in her room that night, and she made him up

a lit-tle bed out of her clothes-bag and the things that were in it. But the fawn would not stay on the bed, though Cla-ra put him down on it, at least ten times; and he boun-ced a-bout the room, and tried so of-ten to get out of the win-dow that she was kept a-wake by him near-ly all night. When she fell a-sleep a-bout day-light, he rou-sed her by pranc-ing o-ver her bed, but she thought e-ve-ry thing that he did was charm-ing.

In the morn-ing, the boys got some old boards, and made a house for the fawn un-der the shade of a large plumb-tree in the gar-den; and for fear that he should es-cape, they tied him to the tree by a long cord. Ed-mund and Cla-ra were con-tin-u-al-ly feast-ing him with all sorts of dain-ties, most of which he re-ject-ed at first, but learnt to eat at last. Yet the fawn, though he was ve-ry well fed, and very much kiss-

ed and pat-ted, and drest every day with flowers, did not seem hap-py; and Phil-ip often urged his cou-sins to let the poor lit-tle an-i-mal be car-ri-ed back to the place in the woods where they had found him. But Ed-mund and Cla-ra could not think of giv-ing up their pet.

One day Ed-mund came home from the woods car-ry-ing a large green branch fil-led with red ber-ries. "Here Cla-ra," said he, " see what I have brought for the fawn. I found them on a bush a-bout half a mile off. On-ly a few of them are ripe, and I have not ta-sted a sin-gle one, that there may be the more for him." " Neith-er will I taste them," said Cla-ra. " They look beau-ti-ful, and I am sure he will like them ; so he shall have them all to him-self."

They then of-fer-ed the branch of berr-ies to the fawn, who turn-ed a-way

in great ap-pa-rent dis-gust. “ Why he will not touch them,” ex-claim-ed Cla-ra. “ Oh !” said Ed-mund, “ per-haps that is be-cause he has nev-er eat-en a-ny be-fore. You know how ma-ny things that he dis-liked at first we have taught him to eat quite read-i-ly. Let us see if we can-not get him to taste them. Do not you know that when you were a ve-ry lit-tle girl you would not eat oys-ters, but my fath-er in-sist-ed on your trying to conquer your a-ver-sion to them, and now there is noth-ing you like bet-ter. So, we will make the fawn eat these beau-ti-ful red ber-ries.”

Ac-cord-ing-ly, Ed-mund held the fawn, while Cla-ra for-ced the ber-ries into its mouth, and after a-while the fawn swal-low-ed them, though very re-luc-tant-ly.

After they had thus fed their dar-ling, they were cal-led in to tea; and when they went after-wards to car-ry him his

sup-per of milk and su-gar, what was their as-ton-ish-ment to find the poor an-i-mal, ex-tend-ed on the ground, stretch-ed half-way out of his house, and sha-king all o-ver; his eyes rol-ling, his mouth gasp-ing, and ut-ter-ing the most pit-e-ous cries.

Cla-ra scream-ed out, “Oh my fawn—my dear dar-ling fawn—what can ail him?” And Ed-mund said, “I am afraid he is go-ing to die. Let us run and ask my un-cle what had best be done for him.”

All the fam-i-ly were soon as-sem-bled be-fore the house of the fawn, and Mr. Hay-don said im-me-di-ate-ly, that the poor fawn had been pois-on-ed. “Oh,” ex-claim-ed Cla-ra, “who could have been so wick-ed as to poi-son him? Ed-mund and I nev-er al-low a-ny bo-dy to feed him but our-selves. I am sure he has had noth-ing since his din-ner, but these pret-ty red ber-ries,” ta-king up

the branch which lay on the ground. "Ah," said Phil-ip, "that is the very thing. Those ber-ries are a most dead-ly poi-son; and noth-ing now can save him." Just as Phil-ip spoke, the poor fawn stretch-ed him-self out, and died.

Cla-ra cried bit-ter-ly, and Ed-mund al-so. "Oh," said he, "I wish we had nev-er brought a-way the fawn. If we had left him in the woods where we found him, he would have been a-live now, and would have grown up in-to a fine deer."

"Yes," said Mr. Hay-don, "and be-fore you had giv-en him the ber-ries, if you had ta-ken the trou-ble to in-quire what they were, any one in the house could have told you that they were poi-son-ous. I hope nei-ther you nor your sis-ter ta-sted them." "Oh! no, no," cried Cla-ra, "we kept every one for the dear fawn."

"Now," said Ed-mund, I am de-ter-

min-ed when I go to town a-gain, to read as ma-ny books as I can get, upon the na-ture of plants and an-i-mals."

"And I," said Cla-ra, "will al-ways in fu-ture, lis-ten at-ten-tive-ly when I hear grown per-sons talk-ing on those sub-jects."

"You will then learn," said Mr. Hay-don, "that no wild an-i-mals are hap-py when kept in a state of con-fine-ment, and that when left to them-selves they can al-ways judge what food is good, or what is bad for them."

"To be sure," said Cla-ra, sob-bing, "the poor dear fawn was ve-ry un-wil-ling to eat the ber-ries."

"Had he re-main-ed in his na-tive woods," said Mr. Hay-don, "he ne-ver would have touch-ed them, and he might now have been a-live and well. Let this be a les-son for you. Nev-er a-gain, for the plea-sure of hav-ing a pet, de-prive a wild an-i-mal of its

lib-er-ty, and force up-on him food which is con-tra-ry to his taste and hab-its. No mat-ter how care-ful-ly you try to tame them, they still pre-fer do-ing what is most nat-ur-al. If you catch a wood-peck-er and shut him up in a room, he will be con-stant-ly peck-ing at the legs of the ta-bles and the backs of the chairs, just as he peck-ed at the bark of the trees, when he liv-ed in the forest. And a young bea-ver con-fi-ned in a yard has been known to spend the whole night in ta-king down sticks of wood from the pile, and lay-ing them across each oth-er, as they do when build-ing their houses."

After the grief of the chil-dren had be-come a lit-tle more com-po-sed, they pro-ceed-ed to bu-ry the poor fawn un-der a young lo-cust tree in a field be-hind the house. Ed-mund dug the grave ac-cord-ing to the di-rec-tions of Phil-ip, and the dead fawn be-ing put

nel came in, and hav-ing paid his respects to Mrs. Man-ton, he took from his waist-coat pock-et a small pa-per, and put-ting it in-to Ma-ri-a's hand, he said, "There, Ma-ri-a, is an-oth-er smel-ling bot-tle, which I have just bought to re-place the one be-long-ing to your gold chain, which I was so un-luck-y as to break last night at blind-man's buff."

Ma-ri-a's face be-came crim-son with shame, and then she turn-ed pale with fright. Her hand trem-bled so that she had to lay the paper on the table, not da-ring to o-pen it, and she was un-a-ble to speak a word.

"Had Ma-ri-a that gold chain on her neck last e-ve-ning?" said Mrs. Man-ton, pointing to the mon-key, who hav-ing ta-ken a piece of toast off the ta-ble sat eat-ing it in a cor-ner. "I be-lieve she did wear that chain," re-plied Mr. Cor-nel; and see-ing that there was

some-thing wrong, he im-me-di-ate-ly took his leave.

Ma-ri-a sat in si-lent con-fu-sion, de-tect-ed in a dou-ble fault; first hav-ing se-cret-ly ta-ken her moth-er's chain, and then false-ly bla-ming it on the mon-key.

Her moth-er was much griev-ed and dis-pleased, and said to her, "Now Ma-ria, I hope you are con-vin-ced that bad ac-tions are al-ways dis-cov-er-ed. I had in-ten-ded giv-ing that chain to you when you were old e-nough to wear it with pro-pri-e-ty; but now you shall nev-er have it. I will send the mon-key to the mu-se-um, that in fu-ture, when you do wrong, you may not have it in your pow-er to lay the blame on him."

Ma-ri-a cri-ed ve-ry much; and for sev-e-ral days was ash-a-med, to look her moth-er in the face.

The mon-key, be-ing of a ver-y cu-

rious sort, was gladly received at the museum, where they took very good care of him.

Ma-ri-a, who was really very penitent, confessed to her mother that she had often before done mischief, and allowed the monkey to be blamed for it. Her mother at last forgave her, and Ma-ri-a never again deceived her, or told an un-truth.

THE SUN-BONNET.

MR. and MRS. LEW-SON took lodgings at a hotel on the sea-shore with the intention of spending a few weeks there during the warm weather. Their little daughter E-li-za expected to have much pleasure in walking on the

beach and look-ing at the sea, and in pick-ing up shells and sea-weed which are thrown on shore by the waves that are al-ways dash-ing o-ver the edge of the sand.

Mrs. Lew-son had made E-li-za a ver-y pret-ty sun-bon-net of pink ging-ham, with a wire sew-ed round the front and slips of cane run in the ca-ses to keep it in shape, and a large cape to cov-er her neck and should-ers. E-li-za thought this bon-net, which sha-ded her face and sat stead-y on her head, far more con-ve-nient than her leg-horn hat, which did not keep the sun from her eyes, and which was con-tin-u-al-ly flap-ping up and down in the wind.

The morn-ing af-ter their ar-ri-val at the sea-shore, Mrs. Lew-son and E-liza went to the place where the la-dies bath-ed, and put-ting on their flan-nel gowns and oil-ed silk caps, they went

in-to the wat-er, and en-joy-ed its cool-ness ve-ry much. Then, hav-ing drest them-selves a-gain in their u-su-al clothes, they walk-ed for an hour on the sands, and pick-ed up some very cu-ri-ous shells and bunch-es of sea-weed, which E-li-za put in-to a lit-tle bas-ket she had brought for the pur-pose. They saw sev-e-ral ships pass-ing by, which look-ed beau-ti-ful when the sun shone on their white sails, and they al-so saw a num-ber of schoon-ers, sloops, and fish-ing boats.

There were sev-e-ral other lit-tle girls stay-ing with their pa-rents at the same ho-tel; but none of them had sun-bon-nets like E-li-za Lew-son. Al-most all of them wore leg-horn hats, and one na-med Hel-en Hart-ley had a hat of blue silk, trim-med with white flow-ers and gauze rib-bon. It look-ed just like a la-dy's hat, and the brim stood out a-round, so that neith-er her face nor neck

were the least sha-ded. This hat was so el-e-gant and cost-ly, that Hel-en was gen-e-ral-ly a-fraid to wear it, lest it should be fa-ded by the sun or broken by the wind. And if the day was the least clou-dy she did not go out at all, fear-ing that it might rain and wet her fine hat be-fore she could get back to the house.

There was a place on the beach where the sea-wat-er ran up in-to the land, and form-ed a sort of pool. The chil-dren de-light-ed to play a-bout this pool, and the boys made lit-tle boats and sail-ed them on it. Sev-e-ral of the girls were one day stand-ing by the pond as they call-ed it, and look-ing down at the lit-tle crabs that were walk-ing a-bout on the hard sand at the bot-tom of the wat-er, which was ver-y clear and smooth, when E-li-za ob-serv-ed the shad-ows of her-self and her com-pan-ions re-flect-ed on the calm

sur-face as in a look-ing glass, and she thought she did not look half so well in her sun-bon-net as they did in their hats.

In the af-ter-noon some of the com-pa-ny were go-ing to a place a-bout a mile from the ho-tel, to see the fish-er-men catch-ing clams. Mrs. Le-wson, hav-ing pre-pa-red her-self for the walk, cal-led E-li-za in-to her room, and was go-ing to put on the lit-tle girl's sun-bon-net as u-su-al; but E-li-za drew back and said, "Moth-er, I do not wish to wear my sun-bon-net; it does not look pret-ty. I would rath-er wear my leg-horn hat, like the oth-er lit-tle girls." "No," said Mrs. Lew-son, "the sun-bon-net is much more con-ve-ni-ent and pleas-ant. The sun is ver-y bright to-day, and there is al-so a breeze. Your sun-bon-net is pret-ty e-nough, and e-ven if it was not, I wish you to wear it, as I

know you will en-joy your walk more than you will if you put on your leg-horn hat."

"But I do not like a sun-bon-net e-ven if it is a pret-ty one," said E-li-za, pout-ing her lips and look-ing naugh-ty, "none of the oth-er lit-tle girls wear them, and I am sure they all look better in their hats than I do in this bon-net. Hel-en Hart-ley's blue silk hat, with flow-ers and gauze bows, is beau-ti-ful: I wish I had one like it. I *will not* wear my sun-bon-net. I hate it and I des-pise it"—and she be-gan to cry, and stamp with her feet.

"Since you are so naugh-ty," said Mrs. Lew-son, "I shall not per-mit you to go out at all." "I would rath-er stay at home all my life," cried E-li-za, "than wear that hor-rid sun-bon-net." "Then," re-plied Mrs. Lew-son, "I will not al-low you to wear your hat eith-er to-day or a-ny oth-er day as long as we re-main at the

sea-shore; and to pun-ish you for cry-ing and stamp-ing and talk-ing so im-prop-er-ly, you shall stay at home shut up in this room, in-stead of go-ing with us to see the men catch clams."

E-li-za then be-gan to scream loud-ly, but her moth-er si-lent-ly put a-way the sun-bon-net in its band-box, and left the room, lock-ing the door, and ta-king the key with her.

E-li-za went to the win-dow cry-ing bit-ter-ly; and asshe look-ed out, she saw her fath-er and moth-er set out on their walk, with all the chil-dren and sev-e-ral of their pa-rents. She then re-pent-ed of her naugh-ti-ness, and felt now as if she would glad-ly be with them, e-ven if she was ob-li-ged to wear an old rag on her head. She ob-serv-ed that the hats of the lit-tle girls were flap-ping and twist-ing in the wind, so that they could scarce-ly keep them on their heads; that the sun was shi-ning di-rect-

ly in their fa-ces and daz-zling their eyes so that they were full of wat-er; and that those who had par-a-sols were ob-li-ged to put them down, as the breeze al-most blew them out of their hands.

She then saw how much bet-ter it would have been for them to have had sun-bon-nets, and she would now have been very glad to wear hers, if she could ac-com-pa-ny the par-ty. But she was ob-li-ged to re-main all the af-ter-noon a-lone, shut up in the cham-ber; for which she was ver-y sor-ry, and she de-ter-min-ed nev-er to be so naugh-ty a-gain.

Tow-ards eve-ning, the whole par-ty came home; and as soon as Mrs. Lew-son en-ter-ed the room, E-li-za ran to her, and kiss-ing her hand ex-claim-ed, "Oh! my dear moth-er, I am now quite sure that you were right in in-sist-ing on my wear-ing my sun-bon-net. I will nev-er a-gain re-fuse to put it on. I

wish I had not been so fool-ish and so naugh-ty. Do, pray, be so kind as to for-give me." Mrs. Lew-son think-ing E-li-za had been suf-fi-ci-ent-ly pun-ish-ed, now made her hap-py by kiss-ing and par-don-ing her.

She told E-li-za that Hel-en Hart-ley's beau-ti-ful blue silk hat with the flow-ers and gauze rib-bon, had been blown off her head in-to the sea, and that one of the clam-fish-ers had taken it out with his tongs, but that it was to-tal-ly spoil-ed and could nev-er be worn a-gain, and that Hel-en had been o-bli-ged to walk home with her moth-er's pock-et hand-ker-chief tied o-ver her head, car-ry-ing the poor wet, bro-ken hat in her hand. "Now, E-li-za," said Mrs. Lewson, "if your ging-ham sun-bon-net was to meet with such an ac-ci-dent, it could ea-si-ly be ta-ken to pie-ces, wash-ed and i-ron-ed,

and put to-gether a-gain; and it would then look as well as ever."

From that time, E-li-za Lew-son always took pleas-ure in wear-ing her sun-bon-net. In the course of a few days sev-e-ral of the oth-er la-dies, finding that their chil-dren had be-come freck-led and tan-ned from hav-ing their fa-ces ex-pos-ed by their hats to the sun and wind, made sun-bon-nets for the lit-tle girls. None of these bon-nets, how-ever, were so pret-ty as E-li-za's; and Hel-en Hart-ley, till hers was made, had to wear one pin-ned up out of coarse brown pa-per.

THE
MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

GEORGE GRAF-TON was a boy whose great-est de-light was in do-ing mis-chief, and in fright-en-ing and an-noy-ing his three sis-ters, who were so good na-tu-red that they did not com-plain of him to his pa-rents lest he should be pun-ish-ed, and they al-ways hop-ed that when he grew old-er and had more sense, he would leave off his bad ways of his own ac-cord. How-ev-er, their kind-ness to him did not make him kind to them, for when-ev-er he was with his sis-ters, he was all the time tor-ment-ing and vex-ing them; so that they had no pleas-ure in play-ing with him.

There was a fine swing in the garden sus-pen-ded to a cat-al-pa tree, and George al-ways swung his sis-ters so high that their feet went up a-mong the bran-ches, and the more they scream-ed the high-er he swung them. He once threw his sis-ter El-ean-or out of the swing, and she fell on her face and knock-ed out one of her front teeth.

They had a see-saw made of a plank or board laid over a log of wood. He some-times per-sua-ded one of his sis-ters to see-saw with him, and then he made the board go up and down so vi-o-lent-ly that the poor lit-tle girl was sure to fall off, and in one of these falls Lou-i-sa's head was so bruised, that a blue lump near-ly as large as a wal-nut a-rose o-ver her eye-brow.

If they play-ed at blind-man's buff, and a-ny of the girls were blind-folded, George would pull their hair, stick their

neck with pins, put ash-es down their backs, seize them by their beads, and haul them back-wards, so that they were near-ly chok-ed; and creep af-ter them on the floor, to catch them by the feet and o-ver-set them.

He pick-ed out the eyes and cut off the no-ses of his sis-ters' dolls; kick-ed o-ver their lit-tle tea-ta-ble when they were ma-king a feast; wi-ped his pen up-on their frocks; tore their best books and daub-ed the pic-tures in them with red paint; and in short he was con-ti-nu-al-ly do-ing some-thing to hurt and teaze them. This he cal-led *fun*, but a *good boy* nev-er thinks it fun-ny to vex and tor-ment girls.

One morn-ing, George hav-ing thought of a new way of fright-en-ing his sis-ters in the eve-ning, went into the cel-lar and car-ri-ed off the lid of a pie, which had been set there to keep cool be-fore it was time to bake it; and lay-ing the

piece of dough on a broken plate, he took it to his room and hid it in the clo-set. The cook could not im-a-gine what had gone with the up-per crust of the pie, and was ob-li-ged to make an-oth-er.

He got a piece of or-ange-peel and cut out a set of large teeth, and in the evening he laid the dough on his face, and pres-sing it down hard with his fin-gers, it stuck fast to all his fea-tures and covered them like a mask. He made holes in the dough face, for his eyes, mouth, and nos-trils. Then he fix-ed in his mouth the two rows of or-ange peel teeth which grin-ned hor-ri-bly, and ta-king a sheet from his bed, he wrap-ped him-self in it, and went soft-ly down into the gar-den.

It was a fine moon-light eve-ning, and his three sis-ters were all sit-ting in the back porch,—Ju-lia, the el-dest, tel-ling the oth-ers a fai-ry tale.

George sud-den-ly came out from behind a tall clus-ter of li-lac bush-es where he had at first hid him-self, and stood full in front of his sis-ters in the grav-el walk, close to the porch; the long white sheet flow-ing round him, and the or-ange peel teeth grin-ning out of the fright-ful dough face.

The girls all per-ceiv-ed him at the same mo-ment, and could not im-a-gine who he was. The two young-er ones were ve-ry much fright-en-ed, and scream-ed as if they were go-ing in-to fits. But Ju-lia, who had more cou-rage and knew it must be some per-son in dis-guise, went bold-ly up to him, and catch-ing him by the should-er peel-ed off the dough face, and saw that it was her naugh-ty bro-ther George.

Lit-tle Lou-i-sa was so ter-ri-fi-ed that she con-ti-nu-ed to scream for a long time, e-ven af-ter Ju-lia had show-ed her the dough face, and the or-ange

peel teeth in her hand, and pointed to George who stood by, having dropped the white sheet on the ground.

When Mr. and Mrs. Grafton (who had drank tea out that evening) came home, they found Lou-i-sa looking wild and pale, and starting and screaming out ev-e-ry mo-ment. She had not yet got o-ver her fright, which had affected her sen-ses, and she was like a cra-zy per-son all that night and the next day. They were a-fraid she would nev-er come to her-self a-gain. She had to be bled, and was weak and ill for sev-e-ral days.

His pa-rents were ver-y an-gry with George, who said he on-ly tried to fright-en the girls, for fun. How-ev-er, he did ap-pear sor-ry, and for two or three weeks be-ha-ved bet-ter than u-su-al; but he soon got back to his old hab-its.

El-ean-or Graf-ton had a speck-led hen with a beau-ti-ful brood of lit-tle chick-ens. El-ean-or was ve-ry fond of them, and kept the coop di-rect-ly under her win-dow, that she might see them when-ev-er she look-ed out.

George was so wick-ed as to think it would be fine fun to blow up with gun-pow-der, the coop, the hen, and the chick-ens; for which pur-pose he took an op-por-tu-ni-ty when no-bo-dy saw him of bor-ing a hole in the ground close to the coop and a lit-tle way under it. He in-tend-ed to fill this hole with gun-pow-der. He cut a piece off his sis-ter's jump-ing rope, design-ing at night, when every one was in bed, to light one end of this piece of rope, and to lay it on the ground, so that the oth-er end would touch the gun-pow-der; and when the fire reach-ed the last end, the pow-der would go off with a loud noise, and would blow the coop,

the hen and chick-ens up in-to the air, tear-ing them all in-to a thou-sand pie-ces.

He went in the af-ter-noon to the near-est store and bought some gun-pow-der, pre-tend-ing it was to go shoot-ing with. It was put in a pa-per bag, which he found too large to go in-to his pock-et, so wrap-ping his hand-ker-chief round it he car-ri-ed it in his hand.

As he walk-ed tow-ards home, he was think-ing all the time how he would laugh, when he stood in the porch and saw the fire creeping to the far-thest end of the rope, and how it would di-vert him to see the hen and chick-ens fly to pie-ces and rise up in the air, with the coop splin-ter-ed to chips. His fath-er and moth-er had gone to town and was not ex-pect-ed home till next day, but he thought how fun-ny it would be to hear his sis-ters and the ser-vants jump

out of bed at the noise, and all run in their night caps to the win-dows to see what was the mat-ter.

While his mind was thus oc-cu-pied, he hap-pen-ed, in getting over a fence, to let his bag of pow-der fall in-to a a deep pud-dle of wat-er. This vex-ed him ve-ry much, as wet pow-der will not take fire.

As soon as he reach-ed home, he went into the kitch-en and got a large cha-fing dish, which he fil-led with light-ed char-coal and car-ri-ed in-to the yard; tel-ling the cook that he was go-ing to roast some ground-nuts.

He took a tin pan from the dres-ser, and set-ting it on the cha-fing dish care-ful-ly pour-ed in-to it some of the gun-pow-der, with the in-ten-tion of dry-ing it over the fire. In a short time the pan grew too hot, and the pow-der with a loud noise flash-ed up into George's

face as he was stoop-ing down to watch it.

He thought for a mo-ment that his head was off, and his screams brought all the fam-i-ly in-to the yard. His face was dread-fully scorch-ed, his front hair and his eye-brows were burnt off, his shirt-col-lar was as black as soot, and al-to-geth-er he was a most de-plo-ra-ble sight.

The near-est doc-tor was im-me-di-ate-ly sent for; and when his pa-rents came home next morn-ing they found George in a most shock-ing con-di-tion; and it was a long time be-fore he ceased to suffer with his burns.

His face was dis-fi-gured for life ; being fil-led with blue specks caus-ed by the grains of gun-pow-der re-main-ing in it. His eyes were so much in-ju-red, that, af-ter stay-ing in a dark room for sev-e-ral months, he was ob-li-ged al-ways to wear spec-ta-cles.

He could not help own-ing that he was just-ly pun-ish-ed for hav-ing intend-ed to de-destroy so cru-el-ly his sister's hen and chick-ens. This sad ac-ci-dent en-tirely cu-red him of all his mis-chie-vous tricks.

THE PET CALF.

No chil-dren could be more ten-der heart-ed than Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly Lov-el. They were board-ing one summer du-ring the hol-i-days, at a farm-house a few miles from town, and they be-came ve-ry fond of a beau-ti-ful lit-tle calf, that du-ring the day was kept ti-ed un-der a tree in a small mead-ow near the house, and at night was put

in-to the sta-ble. The col-our of the calf was brown and white, and noth-ing could be pret-ti-er and clean-er.

It was the chil-dren's great de-light to car-ry wat-er to this calf, and to take it some-times a hand-ful of salt which they laid on a flat stone before it, and the lit-tle an-i-mal lick-ed it up with so much plea-sure, that Em-i-ly said, she was sure the'calf li-ked salt as well as she li-ked black-ber-ry jam. They pat-ted its head, strok-ed it, and some-times e-ven kis-sed its clean sweet mouth, as they cal-led it. The calf soon learnt to know the lit-tle girls, and seem-ed de-light-ed when-ev-er it saw them.

How-ev-er, when the cow, whose name was Cher-ry, was brought to it morn-ing and eve-ning, they took care to keep at a dis-tance, as they had been told that cows (who are very fond moth-ers) nev-er al-low a-ny per-son to touch their calves lest they should hurt them.

At these times the calf be-ing un-tied to take ex-er-cise, the lit-tle girls (who look-ed at it through the fence) were de-light-ed to see it pran-cing and gam-bol-ing round its moth-er.

One eve-ning while Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly were eat-ing their sup-per of pie and milk, they were start-led to hear the far-mer, Ja-cob Jenk-ins, say to his wife, "I think, Bec-ky, the calf will be fit to kill in an-oth-er week. It is the fi-nest and fat-test we ev-er had."

The chil-dren turn-ed pale. "But you do not mean this calf," said Har-ri-et; "you sure-ly do not in-tend to have this calf kil-led."

"Why not this as well as a-ny oth-er?" said the far-mer. "We do not want to raise it, and we shall get at least five dol-lars for it."

"Yes," said the wife, "and that five dol-lars will just buy me the new Can-ton

crape shawl I have been want-ing this great while. I hear there are plen-ty of them in the ci-ty at that price, al-most a yard square. All the neigh-bour wom-en have them, and I've set my mind on a pink one."

"Well, Bec-ky," re-plied the farm-er, "when the calf is sold, you shall have a shawl with the mon-ey."

"But," said Em-i-ly, "is it not bet-ter you should do with-out a crape shawl than that the poor calf should be kil-led?"

"Ah," re-plied the farm-er's wife, "you lit-tle town-girls know noth-ing a-bout such things. How should we get the most of our mon-ey, if it was not for sel-ling and kil-ling our calves and pigs and fowls and tur-keys? What do we feed and fat-ten them for, but to make them fit to kill?"

Still, the chil-dren thought with hor-

ror of the kil-ling of the be-lov-ed calf; and they trem-bled when they heard, that on the fol-low-ing Mon-day it was to be sold to a butch-er, who would then be go-ing through the neigh-bour-hood col-lect-ing calves. They un-der-stood that their "dear pet," as they cal-led it, was to be kil-led on Tues-day, and the meat ta-ken to mar-ket on Wed-nes-day.

"I think, Ja-cob," said the farm-er's wife, "you may as well tell the butch-er to save a loin of this veal for us, as we ex-pect some folks to dine with us on Thurs-day. It will be so fat and so fine, and you can bring it when you go to town with the but-ter."

At these words both the lit-tle girls be-gan to scream, ex-claim-ing: "Oh! no, no, we cannot bear to see a piece of the dear lit-tle calf af-ter it is kil-led." "Oh!" said Har-ri-et, "I would not taste a mouth-ful of that calf for the

world. The sweet crea-ture that we have play-ed with and kis-sed so of-ten.” “ If a mor-sel of that calf is brought in-to the house,” cried Em-i-ly, “ we will leave it, and go and stay all day in the barn. Oh! I nev-er shall be a-ble to eat veal a-gain, if our sweet lit-tle calf is kil-led.”

The farm-er and his wife on-ly smi-led; but at last the wife said, “ Well, well, Ja-cob, we will not wor-ry the chil-dren. We will do with-out the veal. On Mon-day we shall have to put Cher-ry in the old field be-hind the woods, for if she is any where near the house, she will bel-low so for the loss of her calf, that there will be no get-ting a wink of sleep that night.”

“ Oh! poor cow,” said Har-ri-et, “ how she will grieve when she thinks of the dear lit-tle thing that used to run and play round her. How my moth-er

would scream if Em-i-ly were to be taken a-way and kil-led!"

At bed time the chil-dren went sorrow-ful-ly to their room, and Em-i-ly said, "What a wick-ed wo-man Mrs. Jen-kins must be to have the dar-ling calf kil-led just that she may get a Can-ton crape shawl. How I shall dis-like to see her wear it." "She is not wick-ed," re-plied Har-ri-et, "for she is accus-tom-ed, as she told us, to sel-ling and kil-ling calves and pigs and poul-try; and she thinks it prop-er and right. But I wish there was a-ny way of giving her a Can-ton crape shawl, and then per-haps she would be sat-is-fied and let the calf live. Oh! what shall we do when we see the butch-er lead it a-way with him!" "I will not see it," said Em-i-ly, "for I will shut my-self up in a back room and nev-er once look out of the win-dow."

Just then Mol-ly, an I-rish ser-vant girl, that liv-ed at farm-er Jen-kins's, came up to put the lit-tle girls to bed, and while she was un-dres-sing them, they were still la-ment-ing the pro-ba-ble fate of the lit-tle calf.

“ I tell you what, dears,” said Mol-ly, “ if you are so sor-ry a-bout that calf, I'll put you in a way to save its life. I've just been paid my wa-ges, and I am going to town to-mor-row in the stage to buy my-self a new gown, and some other things; and if you will give me the mon-ey, I'll get a pink Can-ton crape shawl for Mrs. Jenk-ins, and you can make her a pres-ent of it, if she'll promise to let the lit-tle calf live.”

The chil-dren thought this an ex-cel-lent plan, but they found they had not mon-ey e-nough, Har-ri-et's whole stock a-mount-ing to half a dol-lar, and Em-ily's to a quar-ter of a dol-lar and ten cents. How did they now re-gret what

they had spent at the store for sugar-candy and at the old ginger-bread woman's.

"Oh," said Har-ri-et, "the shawl will cost five dol-lars, and we have nothing like that much."

"I'll tell you what will do," said Molly, "you can give me those cor-al neck-laces with the large gold lock-ets that you wore round your necks when you first came here, and that you've left off since the weath-er has been so hot. I'll take them to a jew-el-ler's and sell them, and then buy the shawl with the mon-ey, and then when I come back, (which will be on Sa-tur-day,) I will bring it with me, and you can give it to Mrs Jen-kins; and so the calf's life will be sa-ved be-fore the butch-er comes for it.

"Yes," said Har-ri-et, "but how can we send our neck-laces to be sold without the con-sent of our pa-rents? You

know ev-e-ry thing we have in the world, was bought for us by them, and with their mon-ey. To be sure we have no way of ask-ing their con-sent now, when they are a-way at Sa-ra-to-ga."

"And they are so good and kind," said Em-i-ly, "that I am sure they will not be ve-ry an-gry when they hear that there was no oth-er way of sav-ing the dear calf's life."

The lit-tle girls gave their neck-la-ces to Mol-ly, who prom-is-ed to get as much as she could for them, and to buy with it a beau-ti-ful shawl. Next day she set off in the stage for town, car-ry-ing with her a large bun-dle, which she said con-tain-ed dres-ses that she was go-ing to get al-tered.

Sat-ur-day eve-ning came; the stage pas-sed by; but Mol-ly was not in it. The chil-dren who had been look-ing

out anx-ious-ly for more than an hour, were much dis-ap-point-ed, and they wea-ri-ed them-sel-ves with con-jec-turing why she did not come. They went sad-ly to bed, ho-ping she would ar-rive in the morn-ing.

The next day pass-ed on, and still no Mol-ly ap-pear-ed; and the farm-er said he now was con-vin-ced she did not in-tend re-turn-ing at all. Mrs. Jenk-ins went up to Mol-ly's room, and found that she had taken all her clothes with her in the bun-dle, which pro-ved that the art-ful girl had in-tend-ed not to come back.

When Mrs. Jenk-ins came down and told that Mol-ly had cer-tain-ly gone off to re-turn no more, the lit-tle girls looked shock-ed, and Em-i-ly said, " But I am sure she will come back; I am quite sure she will. She can-not be so wick-ed as to stay a-way for-ev-er." " Why, I sup-pose," said Mrs. Jenk-ins, " she is

ti-red of liv-ing out in the coun-try. But she might have told us so. I am sure we would not have tried to keep her; and we shall not trou-ble our-selves to get her back a-gain, for we do not know what part of the town she has gone to, or who are her peo-ple; and we might as well look for a nee-dle in a hay-stack as search for Mol-ly in the city. I am sure she is no loss."

But the children thought their neck-laces that she had ta-ken with her, a ve-ry great loss, as on them de-pend-ed the mon-ey that was to buy the shawl. They look-ed out at the door and saw the calf play-ing round the cow, who was lick-ing it all o-ver ve-ry af-fec-tion-ate-ly. "Ah! poor lit-tle calf," thought Em-i-ly, "I fear the butch-er will get you at last, for Mol-ly will nev-er come back, and we shall have no crape shawl to save your life with."

Af-ter the lit-tle girls had gone to

bed they lay a-wake for a long time and cried. "Har-ri-et," said Em-i-ly, "how are calves kil-led?" "I be-lieve," replied Har-ri-et, "the butch-er ties the poor things fast, to pre-vent their running a-way, and then cuts their throats with a sharp knife; and af-ter-wards they are skin-ned and cut in-to pieces and sold for veal." Both the chil-dren then burst in-to loud sobs, and at last they cried them-selves to sleep.

They spent near-ly all the next morn-ing in ca-res-sing and la-ment-ing o-ver the calf. A-bout noon the far-mer came in, and his wife said to him, "Ja-cob, there is the butch-er com-ing up the road with his cart. Have you had Cher-ry put in the old field?" "Yes," said the farm-er, "she is far e-nough off. She will not see the calf go." The two lit-tle girls then cov-ered their fa-ces with their hands and

burst in-to tears, and Em-i-ly said, " Oh! in-deed we tried all we could to save the poor calf. We gave Mol-ly both our cor-al neck-la-ces to take to town and sell; she was to buy a beau-ti-ful pink Can-ton crape shawl and bring it to Mrs. Jenk-ins to pay for the calf. It was the on-ly thing we could do, for we had ve-ry lit-tle mon-ey." " Oh! that wick-ed Mol-ly," ex-claim-ed Har-ri-et, " to car-ry off our co-ral neck-la-ces, and nev-er come back, when she knew the calf's life de-pen-ded on it."

" I'll tell you what, Bec-ky," said the farm-er to his wife, " since the chil-dren take on so about it, I do not know but I'll let the calf live." " Why," said Mrs. Jenk-ins, " you know the trou-ble and ex-pense of rais-ing a calf, and we are not at all in want of cows; we have plen-ty of them al-rea-dy."

" Well," re-plied the farm-er, " a good

cow nev-er comes a-miss. What signifies the five dol-lars I am to get for this lit-tle calf? I say it shall live. I sup-pose I can af-ford the ex-pense of rais-ing it, and you can af-ford the trou-ble; and I sup-pose too I can af-ford to buy a wo-man a shawl with-out let-ting two good lit-tle girls break their hearts a-bout it. Come, chil-dren, wipe your eyes and leave off cry-ing. The butch-er shall not have the calf; and Bec-ky shall have her shawl, and no-bo-dy will be the worse for this whole bu-si-ness ex-cept your two selves, that have lost the red beads and lock-ets that the thief Mol-ly has ran a-way with."

The chil-dren's eyes now spark-led with joy. They dan-ced a-bout the room and kis-sed the farm-er and his wife o-ver and o-ver a-gain. In a few min-utes they had the hap-pi-ness of hear-ing him tell the butch-er at the

gate, that he had chan-ged his mind and in-tend-ed now to raise the calf. The lit-tle girls were glad to see the butch-er's cart drive off, and they watch-ed it till it was fair-ly out of sight. They then ran out to the calf and hug-ged and kis-sed it a thou-sand times, tel-ling it that it had just es-ca-ped from death; and that it was now to live on and grow up a fine cow.

Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly re-turn-ed to the city when their pa-rents came back from the springs, and when their school a-gain o-pen-ed.

Nei-ther Mol-ly nor the neck-la-ces were ev-er heard of more. It was sup-posed she had gone to some oth-er town, and sold them there.

A few years after, Mr. Lov-el, the fath-er of Har-ri-et and Em-i-ly, bought a coun-try house in the neigh-bour-hood of Ja-cob Jenk-ins, and pur-chas-ed of the far-mer a fine brown and white cow,

and his daugh-ters had the pleasure of be-ing sup-plied with milk by the ve-ry an-i-mal whose life they had caus-ed to be sav-ed when it was a lit-tle calf.

THE LISTENER.

CHAR-LOTTE WAL-DEN had a constant de-sire to hear what ev-e-ry bo-dy was say-ing, and she was so mean as to listen at doors, and to hide her-self that she might have an op-por-tu-ni-ty of dis-cov-e-ring things that were not intend-ed for her to know. Her moth-er of-ten told Char-lotte that a list-en-er is al-most as bad as a thief. A thief steals mon-ey or prop-er-ty that be-longs to other peo-ple, and a list-en-er steals

the se-crets of oth-ers. All per-sons that are in the hab-it of list-en-ing, make them-selves ap-pear mean and con-temp-ti-ble, and de-serve to be des-pi-sed and pun-ish-ed.

When her fath-er and moth-er sent Char-lotte out of the room, when they were go-ing to talk of any thing that they did not wish her to hear, she al-ways re-main-ed list-en-ing at the door with her ear close to the key-hole; and once one of her curls got en-tan-gled in the key, and when her fath-er sud-den-ly open-ed the door she fell for-ward in-to the room, and hurt her nose so that it bled.

When she knew that her moth-er had vis-i-ters in the par-lour, or that her father had gen-tle-men there with him on bu-si-ness, she would quit her les-sons or her play things, and come soft-ly down stairs and lis-ten at the door; or would slip in-to the gar-den and crouch

down un-der the o-pen win-dow, that she might hear what they were say-ing. Once when she was stoop-ing half dou-ble un-der the par-lour win-dow, her fath-er, not know-ing that she was there, and find-ing that a fly had got in-to a glass of beer that he was go-ing to drink, went to throw out the beer, and emp-ti-ed the tum-bler on Char-lotte's head.

One eve-ning after she had been put to bed, she heard the door-bell ring, and the voi-ces of a gen-tle-man and la-dy in the en-try, who had come to vis-it her fath-er and moth-er. Af-ter a while, her cu-ri-os-i-ty to hear the con-ver-sa-tion be-came so great, that she got up, in-tend-ing to lis-ten at the par-lour door. As she stole down stairs, bare-foot, and in her night-gown, hold-ing by the ban-nis-ters in the dark, she fell o-ver a buck-et of wa-ter which the cham-ber-maid had left on the land-ing

place, while she went to get the pitch-ers to fill them for the night.

The buck-et and Char-lotte rolled down stairs to-geth-er, and so great was the noise, that ev-e-ry one in the house, e-ven the vis-i-ters, ran in-to the en-try to see what was the mat-ter. She was drench-ed in wat-er and ve-ry much hurt, and had to con-fess that she was coming down stairs to lis-ten, when she fell o-ver the buck-et.

Once when she heard her moth-er say, that she ex-pect-ed two la-dies at three o'clock on par-ti-cu-lar bu-si-ness, Char-lotte went in-to the front par-lour be-fore the time of their ar-ri-val, and hid her-self un-der one of the da-mask ot-to-mans, the deep foot-val-ance of which con-ceal-ed her en-tire-ly. Here she lay till the la-dies ar-ri-ved, and her moth-er came down to them. A dog be-long-ing to one of the la-dies ran di-rect-ly to the ot-to-man, and be-gan to

snuff and scratch as if he had found some-thing.

The la-dy said, "I think Car-lo must have scent-ed a cat un-der the ot-to-man." Mrs. Wal-den got up to look, but be-fore she reach-ed the ot-to-man, the dog had lift-ed the val-ance with his nose, and dis-cov-er-ed the naugh-ty girl, who, o-ver-come with shame and con-fu-sion, hid her face with her hands, till her moth-er cal-ling one of the maids, de-si-red her to take Char-lotte and lock her up in a back cham-ber, for the re-main-der of the day.

One eve-ning, af-ter she was old e-nough to put her-self to bed, her lit-tle lamp blew out as she was go-ing up stairs, and she went down to the kitch-en to get it ligh-ted. There when she came near the door, she found that the ser-vants were en-ter-tain-ing some of their ac-quain-tan-ces with an ac-

count of fam-i-lies in which they had for-mer-ly liv-ed.

Be-ing ve-ry de-si-rous of hear-ing all they said, she did not go in-to the kitch-en to light her lamp, but slip-ped in-to the cel-lar which had two doors, one o-pen-ing in-to a lit-tle en-try, and one in-to the kitch-en it-self. Lean-ing her head a-gainst this door (which had a ve-ry wide crack) she seat-ed her-self on a large log of wood, and lis-ten-ed for a while with great at-ten-tion till she grad-u-al-ly be-gan to doze, and at last fell fast a-sleep.

When the ser-vants were go-ing to-bed, they bolt-ed both the cel-lar doors (not know-ing that a-ny per-son was there) and went up stairs, leav-ing Char-lotte in a deep sleep.

Some-time in the mid-dle of the night she a-woke by fal-ling off the log back-wards, up-on a heap of Le-high coal. The back of her neck and head were

ve-ry much hurt, and be-gan to bleed. When she first a-woke, she did not know where she was, or what had hap-pen-ed to her; but when she found her-self a-lone at mid-night in the dark cel-lar, and felt the pain of the brui-ses and cuts in her head and neck, and knew that the blood was trick-ling from them, she be-gan to scream vi-o-lent-ly.

The loud-ness of the noise a-woke her fath-er and moth-er; and Mr. Wal-den, put-ting on his flan-nel gown and ta-king the night-lampran up in-to Char-lotte's room, know-ing the voice to be hers. To his great sur-prise, he found she was not there, and that there was no ap-pear-ance of her hav-ing been in bed that night.

The screams grew loud-er and loud-er, and Mr. Wal-den found that they came from the cel-lar. By this time, ev-e-ry one in the house was up; and the wom-en stood at the head of the

stairs, while the ser-vant man fol-low-ed Mr. Wal-den.

When they came to the cel-lar, they found Char-lotte stretch-ed on a bed of coals, her white frock black-en-ed by the coal dust, and stain-ed with blood, her face dead-ly pale, and her-self al-to-geth-er in a de-plo-ra-ble con-di-tion.

Her fath-er took her in his arms, and it was some time be-fore she could speak to tell how she came in-to the cel-lar. He car-ri-ed her to her moth-er, who was much shock-ed to see her in such a wretch-ed state.

Char-lotte's soil-ed and blood-y clothes were ta-ken off, and she was wash-ed and a clean night-gown put on her. The wounds in her head and neck were dres-sed and bound with ban-da-ges, and she was car-ri-ed to bed ex-haus-ted with cry-ing, and faint with the loss of blood. She had a high fe-ver, and

could not sleep, and her mother sat by her bed-side all the remainder of the night.

By the time Charlotte Walden got well of her hurts, she was entirely cured of her inclination for listening, and never again showed a desire to overhear what people were talking about, or to pry into secrets.



THE

FOUR LITTLE DOGS.

CHARLES IM-LAY and his brother Edwin were very clever at working in wood, and they made all their own play things. They spent the most of their

lei-sure time in the woods be-yond their fath-er's peach or-chard; these woods be-ing sel-dom vis-it-ed by any but them-selves. Here in a large hole in one of the rocks they kept their work-ing tools, and a store of peach-es from the or-chard to eat while they were bu-sy.

Charles made a lit-tle wa-ter mill, and Ed-ward a forge with a tilt ham-mer. When these ma-chines were fi-nish-ed, they car-ri-ed them down to the creek, and fix-ed them in a cool sha-dy place just be-low a fall made by the wat-er tumb-ling and foam-ing o-ver a low ledge of rocks. The force of the wat-er turn-ed the wheels of Charles' mill, and set in mo-tion the tilt-ham-mer of Ed-win's forge. The wheel went round quite as well as that of a real mill, and the loud ham-mer-ing of Ed-win's lit-tle forge could be heard a quar-ter of a mile off.

Af-ter Charles and Ed-win had stood

for some time ad-mi-ring the suc-cess of their ma-chines, they per-ceiv-ed a coun-try boy sit-ting un-der the wil-lows a lit-tle be-low them, and bu-si-ly en-ga-ged at some-thing they could not un-der-stand. They drew near-er, and pla-cing them-selves on a low rock be-hind him, they soon dis-cov-er-ed his em-ploy-ment.

In the re-mains of an old bro-ken bas-ket he had four ve-ry pret-ty lit-tle pup-pies of the span-i-el kind. He was ty-ing strings round their necks, to which were fast-en-ed bits of rag, in-clo-sing stones.

“What are you go-ing to do with those pups?” said Charles. “I am go-ing to drown them in the creek,” re-plied the boy. “That is ve-ry cru-el,” said Ed-win.

“I am not cru-el at all,” an-swer-ed the boy. “These pups be-long-ed to our dog Romp, who died the oth-er day;

and my moth-er won't let me raise them, for she says there are too ma-ny dogs al-read-y a-bout the house; for we've old Prince and young Prince, and big Prince and lit-tle Prince; and so she has made me bring them to the creek to drown them; and I *must* say it goes ve-ry much a-gainst me to do it."

"Would none of your neigh-bours take these pups?" ask-ed Charles. "No," re-plied the boy, "they say they have all got dogs e-nough, and too ma-ny. But I don't want to drown the things, now that their eyes are o-pen. If it *must* be done, I on-ly wish it had been done be-fore."

Charles and Ed-win con-sult-ed to-gether for a few min-utes in a low voice, and each took all his mon-ey out of his pock-et. Charles ad-van-cing to-wards the boy, held out the mon-ey to him, say-ing, "If, in-stead of drown-ing these poor pups you will sell them to us, my

broth-er and I will give you all the mon-ey we have.” “No,no,” said the boy, “I will not sell the pups, I am no dog-sel-ler.” “What,” ex-claim-ed Ed-win, “would you rath-er drown them?” “No,” re-pli-ed the boy, “I don’t want to drown them, as I told you be-fore, but I will give them to you for noth-ing. I am not so mean as to take mon-ey for a few pups.”

Charles and Ed-win were ve-ry glad, and shook hands with the boy, who im-me-di-ate-ly took the stones from the necks of the dogs, and laid all the pup-pies in the old bas-ket which he gave to the broth-ers, and went home with a light heart sing-ing all the way.

Charles and Ed-win were now some-what at a loss what to do with the four lit-tle dogs. Their moth-er did not like dogs, hav-ing nev-er been ac-cus-tom-ed to them, and they had of-ten heard

her say that she would on no account have one about the house. The boys at last concluded to take the puppies into their favourite woods back of the peach orchard, and build a hut for them to live in, as Edwin said, "in secret retirement." This they accomplished in the course of an hour, by collecting the fallen branches of trees, which they notched with their hatchets, and laid one upon another as log-houses are built; filling in with earth the spaces between the sticks. The roof they made of brush-wood, and for a door they placed a large stone, which reached almost to the top of the entrance.

As soon as the house was finished, they put the dogs into, and thought they looked beautifully in their new dwelling. The boys collected leaves to make a bed for them, but next day they got some straw from the barn.

When Charles and Ed-win went home, they were ob-li-ged to let the cook in-to the se-cret, and they ob-tain-ed from her an old sau-cer, and a jug of milk which they stop-ped with a cork and wrap-ped in a hand-ker-chief when they car-ri-ed it to the dog-house. Some of the milk be-ing pour-ed in-to the sau-cer, the pup-pies lap-ped it with great de-light; and the boys knew they could get as much as they want-ed, for milk was so a-bun-dant in their fath-er's house, that a large tub full was giv-en ev-e-ry day to the pigs, and there was al-so plen-ty of cold meat to be had, as soon as the dogs were old e-nough to eat it.

The boys now spent the great-est part of their lei-sure time with the four lit-tle dogs, to whom they gave the names of Co-lum-bus, Frank-lin, Wash-ing-ton, and Jef-fer-son; which they ve-ry soon short-en-ed in-to Lum, Frank, Wash,

and Jeff. They took great de-light in feed-ing them, wash-ing them in a brook which ran close by, and watch-ing them at their play, which was ve-ry a-mu-sing.

When they left them, they al-ways put them in-to the house, and pla-ced the stone be-fore the door that the dogs might be safe in their ab-sence; and when they let them out, the grate-ful lit-tle an-i-mals jump-ed and pran-ced round them, lick-ing the boys' hands, and show-ing their joy in a hun-dred dif-fe-rent ways.

One af-ter-noon when Charles and Ed-win went as u-su-al to car-ry the dogs their din-ner, each with a pa-per of cold meat in his hand-ker-chief, they found on the stone at the door, a large rat-tle-snake coil-ed up, with his head thrust in-to the lit-tle space be-tween the top of the stone and the roof, and ga-zing at the pup-pies; who, crouch-ed

in a cor-ner, were trem-bling and how-ling with ter-ror.

At an-oth-er time, per-haps, the boys would have run a-way from the rat-tle-snake, but the i-de-a of the dogs be-ing in dan-ger, rous-ed their cour-age, and Ed-win im-me-di-ate-ly threw a stone at him. It did not hit; and the snake turn-ing his head at the noise, shook the rat-tles on his tail and his-sed fright-ful-ly, then dart-ing out his fork-ed tongue, he sprung at Ed-win and bit him on the back of the hand. "Now," ex-claim-ed Ed-win, "I am bit-ten by a rat-tle-snake, and I ex-pect to die."

Charles snatch-ing up a large stick, struck the rep-tile on the head so that he fell, and the gal-lant boy kil-led him by re-peat-ing the blow. Ed-win, for-get-ting for a mo-ment his wound, push-ed the stone from the door of the dog-house, and joy-ful-ly cal-ling to the pup-

pies, told them that the snake was dead, and they all came run-ning out.

“Now, Ed-win,” said Charles, “we must go home as fast as pos-si-ble and see what can be done for your hand. The bite of a rat-tle-snake must be at-tend-ed to im-me-diate-ly.”

The boys walk-ed home as fast as they could, Ed-win (whose hand was al-read-y swel-led and dis-col-our-ed, and who be-gan to be ve-ry sick) lean-ing on Charles’s arm for sup-port, and all the dogs fol-low-ing them.

They met at the door their fath-er, (who was a doc-tor,) and told him what had hap-pen-ed. He was much shock-ed, and their moth-er al-most fran-tic. Dr. Im-lay, how-ev-er, pro-ceed-ed im-me-di-ate-ly to ap-ply rem-e-dies which he had known to be suc-cess-ful.

Ed-win’s arm was now swel-led up

to the should-er, and his fath-er rub-bed it o-ver, as well as the wound, with mer-cu-rial oint-ment, and made the poor boy take large and fre-quent do-ses of o-live oil. In two hours he grew bet-ter, the pains be-gan to les-sen, the swel-ling to go down, and in two days he was quite well; and du-ring this time the four lit-tle dogs (scarce-ly no-ti-ced in the gen-e-ral a-larm and un-eas-i-ness of the fam-i-ly) had es-ta-blish-ed them-selves in the house.

When Dr. Im-lay ask-ed his sons why they had made a se-cret of the pup-pies, and they re-plied that it was for fear their moth-er would ob-ject to the dogs be-ing brought home, he made them un-der-stand that chil-dren should do noth-ing that they are a-fraid to tell their pa-rents; and that all such plans and plots gen-e-ral-ly end bad-ly, and are al-ways dis-cov-er-ed at last.

“It is true,” said Mrs. Im-lay to the boys, “that I do not like to have dogs a-bout the house; but as you have sav-ed the lives of these pup-pies, (which appear to be ve-ry fine ones,) I would, had I been told of it, have consent-ed to their be-ing kept in the old wood-house at the end of the yard, as we do not now make use of it; and there you might have fed them and play-ed with them o-pen-ly. Ed-win’s life would not then have been en-dan-ger-ed by at-tack-ing the rat-tle-snake in their be-half. And you will al-ways find the truth of what yonr fath-er has just told you, that when-ev-er chil-dren have se-crets from their parents, some-thing bad is sure to be the con-se-quence.

Charles and Ed-win saw that their fath-er and moth-er were right. They were ve-ry much ob-li-ged to their pa-rents for per-mit-ting them to keep the

four dogs, who were put at night and in bad weath-er in-to the old wood-house, and al-low-ed to range a-bout du-ring the day, up-on con-di-tion that they were kept out of doors.

THE

YOUNG CHEAT.

RO-SA-BEL RAD-FORD nev-er could do any thing in a fair and hon-est man-ner, but was al-ways plan-ning tricks, and try-ing to de-ceive.

When she was sew-ing, and her moth-er stuck a pin in her work to mark her task, Ro-sa-bel of-ten mov-ed the pin near-er to make the task short-er; and when this was dis-cov-er-ed, and

she was told to sew a whole seam as a pun-ish-ment, she was so art-ful and so per-verse that she did not thread her nee-dle, but sat for an hour as if she was ve-ry bu-sy at work, when all the time she was stick-ing in her nee-dle and draw-ing it out with-out a-ny thread in it.

When a book was giv-en her to read, she mere-ly look-ed at a few words in each page, and then de-cla-red that she had read the whole; and at first ev-e-ry one was sur-pri-sed at her read-ing so fast, for she pre-tend-ed she could get through a large book in an hour. But when ques-tion-ed, she could not re-late a-ny thing that she had read.

When she was sent down in-to the par-lour to prac-tise her piece on the pi-an-o, she would play noth-ing while she was a-lone but lit-tle ea-sy songs for her own a-muse-ment, un-less she heard a-ny bo-dy com-ing; and

then she would re-sume her les-son as if she had been play-ing it all the time.

When she was draw-ing, in-stead of keep-ing the mod-el or pat-tern be-fore her, and look-ing at it ev-e-ry mo-ment, she used to lay it under her pa-per to trace the out-line.

She hap-pen-ed to find an old writing book, in which her eld-er sis-ter had sev-e-ral years be-fore writ-ten her French ex-er-ci-ses, and which had all been cor-rect-ed by her master. Ro-sa-bel, who was now learn-ing French, co-pi-ed se-cret-ly all her ex-er-ci-ses out of this book, and her teach-er (who did not at first find out the trick) was sur-pri-sed at their be-ing so good.

Of course, these things were al-ways dis-cov-er-ed at last, and she was al-ways pun-ish-ed; but Ro-sa-bel was so bad a girl that she still con-tin-ued the same prac-ti-ces.

If she play-ed “blind man’s buff,” she

al-ways slip-ped up the hand-ker-chief so that she could see the whole time she was blind-fold-ed. If the play was "hot but-ter-ed beans," when she went out of the room with the oth-er child-ren that the ball might be hid-den, Ro-sa-bel of-ten peep-ed through the key-hole to see where it was put.

In play-ing "how do you like it," when-ev-er she was sent in-to the en-try to wait till a word was fix-ed on for her to guess, she stood and lis-ten-ed all the time with her ear close to the crack of the door.

Ro-sa-bel and her eld-er sis-ter Cath-e-rine had each a little gar-den. Cath-e-rine took great care of hers, but Ro-sa-bel's was ne-glect-ed. Cath-e-rine spent most of her pock-et-mo-ney in buy-ing seeds, and roots of cu-ri-ous flow-ers for her gar-den. Ro-sa-bel oft-en dug up some of these seeds and roots, and plant-ed them in her own

gar-den; and when they came up, she in-sist-ed that they must have fal-len there by ac-ci-dent.

One day her moth-er hav-ing some nice queen cakes in the house, gaye Ro-sa-bel one for her-self, and two oth-ers for her two young-er sis-ters, who were up stairs in the play-room. In-stead of do-ing so, Ro-sa-bel-la wrap-ped the queen cakes up in her hand-ker-chief, and put them all in one of the pock-ets of her a-pron. Then she went to the clos-et in the eat-ing room, and got two crack-ers which she took up to her sis-ters, say-ing that they were sent by her moth-er. The chil-dren sup-po-sing it to be true, ate the crack-ers ve-ry qui-et-ly. Ro-sa-bel be-ing ob-li-ged to go back to her moth-er's room, ate one of the queen cakes there, and kept the oth-ers in her pock-et to feast on in se-cret, when she

was a-lone. They had a lit-tle dog that was ve-ry fond of cakes. He sat down be-fore her, and look-ed up wish-ful-ly in her face, ho-ping ev-e-ry mo-moment she would give him a piece of the one she was eat-ing. But as she did not do it, and he smelt those that were in her pock-et, he jump-ed up-on her, and seiz-ing the corn-er of her hand-ker-chief in his mouth, he drag-ged it out, and dis-play-ed the two cakes that she had con-ceal-ed there, which she ought to have giv-en to her sis-ters. Her moth-er did not give Ro-sa-bel an-oth-er cake for a month.

One Sun-day when the chil-dren were all pre-pa-ring to go to church, Ro-sa-bel ob-ser-ved as their bon-nets lay on the bed, that the strings of her sis-ter Mar-ga-ret's bon-net were much clean-er than her own. Be-ing a-lone, she took off and chan-ged the strings, all the

bon-nets be-ing trim-med with the same rib-bon. She put her sis-ter's clean strings on her own bon-net; and her own dir-ty strings on Mar-ga-ret's ; and she had not can-dour e-nough to confess the truth, when she heard her moth-er re-prove Mar-ga-ret for having made her bon-net strings so ve-ry dir-ty.

Ha-ving pin-ned on the strings in great haste, one of the pins stuck in-to Ro-sa-bel's head after she had got to church, and prick-ed her so se-vere-ly all the time that she could scarce-ly keep from cry-ing; and she was a-fraid to take off the bon-net and fix it bet-ter, lest her moth-er (who sat be-side her) should find out the truth; for bad children are al-ways in con-stant dread of dis-cov-e-ry.

So she had to bear the pin stick-ing in her head the whole church-time, till the end of the last pray-er; and then in

her wrig-gling a-bout with the pain, the string came off, and her moth-er pinned it on a-gain; but in so do-ing she per-ceiv-ed a place where the rib-bon had been join-ed to make it lon-ger.

“Why, Ro-sa-bel,” said Mrs. Rad-ford as they walk-ed home, “those are not your bon-net strings; they are Mar-ga-ret’s. I re-mem-ber her bon-net be-ing the last I trim-med, and that I join-ed the rib-bon to length-en it at the place that went un-der the chin. I see now how the strings on Mar-ga-ret’s bon-net hap-pen to be so dir-ty. They are in re-al-i-ty yours, and you have been at your old tricks and chan-ged them. Now I must tell you that I in-tend-ed next week get-ting new trim-ming for all your bonnets; but as a pun-ish-ment you shall wear the old rib-bon on yours the re-main-der of the summer.”

One eve-ning when Ro-sa-bel was at

a chil-dren's tea-par-ty, she sat next to a little girl na-med Ma-ri-anne Var-land, whose pa-rents al-ways drest her like a wo-man, and who had a pair of white kid gloves on her hands. When tea was hand-ed round, Ma-ri-anne took off her gloves and laid them on the chair be-hind her. Ro-sa-bel had of-ten been de-si-rous of wear-ing white kid gloves, but her moth-er al-ways re-fu-sed to get her a-ny, say-ing that it was fool-ish to put them on the hands of chil-dren. How-ev-er, when Ro-sa-bel saw Ma-ri-anne Var-land with white gloves, she felt a great-er de-sire than ev-er to wear the same. Ac-cord-ing-ly she slip-ped them from be-hind Ma-ri-anne (who was help-ing her-self to her tea) and sli-ly put them on her own hands, and then she sat eat-ing muf-fin and plum-cake with them as bold-ly as if they were her own.

Ma-ri-anne ob-serv-ed the but-ter

run-ning down Ro-sa-bel's fing-ers, and she won-der-ed she chose to eat with white kid gloves on; but sup-po-sed it was be-cause she had seen la-dies do so.

When tea was o-ver, Ma-ri-anne turn-ed to take up her gloves, but did not find them, and look-ed all a-bout in vain. She could not im-a-gine what had be-come of them, as she had only laid them on the chair be-hind her; and when she ask-ed Ro-sa-bel if she had seen them, the naugh-ty girl said "no," and help-ed her to look for them; pre-tend-ing to won-der where they could be. Ma-ri-anne nev-er for a mo-ment sus-pect-ed that her gloves were all the time on Ro-sa-bel's hands.

Ro-sa-bel wore Ma-ri-anne's gloves the whole eve-ning, eat-ing fruit, cakes, su-gar-plumbs, and ev-e-ry thing else with-out ta-king them off, so that they were too much soil-ed ev-er to be worn

a-gain. When a lit-tle girl re-mark-ed to her that she was spoil-ing her gloves, Ro-sa-bel gave her head a toss and said, "when those were soil-ed her moth-er could af-ford to buy her an-oth-er pair."

When the par-ty was o-ver, Ro-sa-bel con-tri-ved, ve-ry cun-ning-ly, to slip the dir-ty gloves in Ma-ri-anne Var-land's ret-i-cule, (which she had laid for a few min-utes on the bed in the room where they had left their bon-nets and shawls,) sat-is-fied with the plea-sure of hav-ing worn them all the eve-ning; and know-ing that they were now too much soil-ed ev-er to be worn a-gain.

When Ma-ri-anne went home, she was sur-pri-sed to find the gloves in her bag, and to see them in such a dir-ty con-di-tion, when she knew that she had not worn them her-self, ex-cept for a few min-utes at the be-gin-ning of the eve-ning. While she

was look-ing at them, some-thing drop-ped out of one of the gloves and fell on the floor. On ta-king it up it was found to be a ring with a ci-pher and hair in it, which Ma-ri-anne's sis-ter re-col-lect-ed hav-ing seen the day be-fore when it was shown to her at school by Ro-sa-bel, who told her that it was the hair and ci-pher of her aunt, af-ter whom she was nam-ed, and who had just giv-en it to her as a new year's pre-sent. This ring Ro-sa-bel had, with-out know-ing it, drawn off with the gloves, and it pro-ved that she was the per-son who had worn and spoil-ed them.

Next morn-ing Ma-ri-anne en-clo-sed the ring in a pa-per with the dir-ty gloves, and sent them to Ro-sa-bel with a note, say-ing, " that she made her a pre-sent of the gloves that she had worn and spoil-ed the night be-fore, and that

she re-turn-ed a ring which had drop-ped from one of the fin-gers.

That morn-ing at break-fast Ro-sa-bel's moth-er not see-ing the new ring on her fin-ger (and which she had promis-ed her aunt to wear al-ways) ask-ed her where it was. Ro-sa-bel gues-sed how she had lost it, but be-ing a-fraid to ex-plain, said that it was safe in her draw-er up stairs. She then went to school; and soon af-ter, the par-cel arrived with Ma-ri-anne Var-land's note. Mrs. Rad-ford o-pen-ed them and was much sur-pri-sed.

When Ro-sa-bel came home, her moth-er show-ed her the gloves and ring, and made her con-fess the whole.

Mrs. Rad-ford's chil-dren had all been in-vi-ted to a lit-tle dance which was to take place next week at the house of a la-dy in the neigh-bour-hood, but she now told Ro-sa-bel that as a pun-ish-ment for ta-king and wear-ing

Ma-ri-anne's gloves, she would not permit her to ac-com-pany her sis-ters. Ro-sa-bel cried very much at be-ing ob-li-ged to stay at home by her-self, and her moth-er ho-ped that this lesson would cure her of cheat-ing and de-ceiv-ing. .

But it was all in vain. Ro-sa-bel never left off these faults, and at last ev-e-ry bo-dy was con-tin-u-al-ly watch-ing her lest she should play some trick; and no-bo-dy would be-lieve a word she said. All her young friends gave her up, their pa-rents fear-ing that they would be in-ju-red by the ex-am-ple of so bad a girl.

THE

CRANBERRY TARTS.

LIT-TLE Fan-n-y Cas-sin was ex-treme-ly fond of pies and pud-dings, as al-most

all chil-dren are, and at her fath-er's house they had some-thing of the kind ev-e-ry day on the din-ner ta-ble. Mr. and Mrs. Cas-sin liv-ed a few miles from the cit-y, and Fan-ny was once in-vi-ted by Mrs. Den-ham, a friend of the fam-i-ly, to spend a week with her at her house in town.

Mrs. Den-ham had no daugh-ter. Her on-ly child was a son cal-led Har-ry, who was a ve-ry good qui-et boy, and not at all rough or bois-te-rous with lit-tle girls; so he and Fan-ny Cas-sin play-ed ve-ry well to-geth-er. He had a great ma-n-y lit-tle books, and while he was at school Fan-ny had suf-fi-cient a-muse-ment in read-ing them, and in play-ing with her doll, which she had brought with her.

The first day at din-ner, Har-ry, to the sur-prise of Fan-ny, left the ta-ble as soon as he was done eat-ing his meat and po-ta-toes, but she sup-po-sed he was in a hur-ry to go to school. Mrs.

Den-ham said to her, "Fan-ny, why do you still sit?" Fan-ny ve-ry in-no-cent-ly re-plied, "I am wait-ing for the pie." "Oh!" said Mrs. Den-ham, "we have no pie to-day." "Per-haps then you have pud-ding," said lit-tle Fan-ny, who was on-ly five years old. "No," answer-ed Mrs. Den-ham, "nei-ther pie nor pud-ding. We sel-dom have these things."

Fan-ny was sor-ry to hear this; but she had an ex-cel-lent dis-po-si-tion, and bore her dis-ap-point-ment ve-ry well; good hu-mour-ed-ly leav-ing the ta-ble and go-ing in-to the front par-lour, where she found Har-ry, with whom she play-ed a lit-tle be-fore he went to school.

The next day, and the next, Fan-ny had still some hope of pie; but it was not re-al-i-sed, as nei-ther pie nor pud-ding ap-pear-ed.

On the sixth day of her vis-it, she was de-light-ed to hear Mrs. Den-ham tell

the cook to stew some cran-ber-ries, as she was go-ing her-self to make a few tarts. This was ve-ry good news to Fan-ny, who, when she saw Mrs. Den-ham come out of the store-room, asked her with a smi-ling face, if she might see her make the tarts.

To this Mrs. Den-ham as-sent-ed, and Fan-ny ac-com-pa-ni-ed her to the kitch-en, where she stood by the ta-ble with at-ten-tive looks, while Mrs. Den-ham sift-ed the flour, rol-led in the but-ter, and made the paste, which was to be ba-ked in tin pat-ty-pans of the ve-ry smal-lest size. Fan-ny was per-mit-ted to but-ter these pans to pre-vent the paste from stick-ing to the tin; and this she did ve-ry nice-ly.

Then the bowl of stew-ed cran-ber-ries was brought from the cel-lar where it had been set to cool, and Mrs. Den-ham put the fruit in-to the crust, sprink-ling the top with su-gar. "How

ve-ry nice these tarts will be," said Fan-ny."

She was glad when she was cal-led to din-ner. "Now," thought she, "we shall at last have a des-sert." She did not eat as much meat as u-su-al, that she might have the bet-ter rel-ish for the cran-ber-ry tarts af-ter-wards, and she saw the dish of roast lamb ta-ken a-way with great joy. But on look-ing to-wards the side-board, she still per-ceiv-ed no ap-pear-ance of des-sert plates.

"I sup-pose, Fan-ny," said Mrs. Den-ham, "you are ex-pect-ing the tarts you saw me make this morn-ing?" "Yes, mad-am," an-swer-ed Fan-ny. "Why," re-su-med Mrs. Den-ham, "I ex-pect some friends to a lit-tle sup-per this eve-ning, and we are then go-ing to have the tarts. It was for that pur-pose I made them."

Poor Fan-ny look-ed much dis-ap-point-ed.

“But,” said Mrs. Den-ham, “an En-glish gen-tle-man is to bring his son here, a boy a-bout fif-teen, who is won-der-ful-ly clev-er at per-form-ing dif-fe-rent cha-rac-ters and sing-ing a-mu-sing songs. We have in-vi-ted some of our most in-ti-mate friends to hear him; and as Har-ry is to sit up on the oc-ca-sion, you may do the same.”

“And shall I have any sup-per?” asked Fan-ny. “Yes,” re-plied Mr. Den-ham, “I prom-ise you that you shall.”

“And Har-ry too?” said Fan-ny.

“Yes, Har-ry too,” an-swer-ed Mr. Denham.

Eve-ning came; Mrs. Den-ham’s par-lours were light-ed up, and the fold-ing doors clo-sed be-tween them. A-bout a do-zen se-lect friends ar-ri-ved, and last came the En-glish gen-tle-man and his son, a ve-ry hand-some and un-com-mon-ly smart boy. Ear-ly in the eve-ning, they had sent a box of dres-ses

which was car-ried in-to the back par-lour, the large door of which was kept shut.

The En-glish boy re-ti-red to the back par-lour to change his clothes, and soon af-ter threw o-pen the fold-ing doors, and ap-pear-ed in the dress of a Span-ish goat-herd with a guit-ar in his hand, to which he sung and dan-ced ve-ry fine-ly. Next he re-pre-sent-ed a Scotch bag-pi-per, and sung an ex-cel-lent Scotch song. Af-ter this, he per-form-ed an old French dan-cing mas-ter with a fid-dle, and fin-ish-ed by com-ing out in the dress of a sail-or, in which he sung sev-e-ral of the best sea-songs, and dan-ced a horn-pipe with a rat-tan in his hand.

All the com-pa-ny were high-ly pleas-ed, and Fan-ny and Har-ry were so much a-mu-sed, that they kept a-wake all the eve-ning, sit-ting side by side on two lit-tle stools in one of the cor-ners.

The vis-it-ers were all gone at ten o'clock, ex-cept two la-dies and two gen-tle-men, who had been in-vi-ted with the En-glish-man and his son to stay to sup-per.

The sup-per ta-ble was set out in the par-lour with cold ham and chick-en sal-lad, and a dish of cran-berry tarts, which Fan-ny at last wel-com-ed with long-ing eyes; for be-sides her fond-ness for such things, she was real-ly hun-gry.

“ We will not give Fan-ny and Har-ry a-ny ham or chick-en sal-lad,” said Mrs. Den-ham, “ as meat or poul-try may not a-gree with them at this late hour; but they shall each have a crack-er and a tart.” Fan-ny now felt ve-ry hap-py, for hav-ing been near a week with-out pie or pud-ding, she thought the tart would taste dou-bly nice.

Her bis-cuit was soon eat-en, and then Mrs. Den-ham put a tart on Fan-

ny's plate; when Mrs. Ben-son, a la-dy who hap-pen-ed to be seat-ed be-tween the two chil-dren, said, "I should think half a tart quite suf-fi-cient for a lit-tle girl or boy at ten o'clock at night; so if you please, Mrs. Den-ham, I will di-vide this be-tween Miss Fan-ny and Mas-ter Har-ry." Mrs. Ben-son cut the tart in half, and put one part on Fan-ny's plate and the oth-er on Har-ry's. Har-ry, who was a year old-er than Fan-ny, and not quite so fond of pas-try, ate his morsel with-out feel-ing much dis-ap-point-ed, though he thought Mrs. Ben-son a ve-ry im-per-ti-nent wom-an for ta-king such a li-ber-ty at an-oth-er per-son's ta-ble; and so she cer-tain-ly was; and he did not like her a-ny the bet-ter when she con-tin-u-ed talk-ing a-bout the im-pro-pri-e-ty of al-low-ing chil-dren to eat pies and pud-ding, de-cla-ring that she nev-er suf-fer-ed hers to taste a mouth-ful of ei-ther.

Poor lit-tle Fan-ny was so dis-ap-point-ed at get-ting on-ly the half of a ve-ry small tart, af-ter all her ex-pec-ta-tion, that she felt a chok-ing in her throat, while her lips trem-bled and the tears came in-to her eyes, and for a mo-ment she was al-most cer-tain that her heart was break-ing. But she was a ve-ry good girl, and she tried so hard to keep from cry-ing be-fore the com-pany, that she suc-ceed-ed.

Mr. Den-ham ob-serv-ed her, and felt much pit-y for the poor lit-tle girl, to whom the loss of half a tart seem-ed of as much con-se-quence as the loss of a hun-dred dol-lars would be to a grown per-son; and he de-ter-min-ed to re-ward her for her self-com-mand in re-strain-ing her-self from cry-ing.

She ate her half tart, and on be-ing told that it was time for her to go to-bed she smooth-ed her face with her hands, and went ve-ry pleas-ant-ly to kiss Mr.

and Mrs. Den-ham, and to bid them good night. When she came to Mr. Den-ham he kis-sed her, and put in-to her hand a whole tart from the dish, say-ing, “ Fan-ny, as you have borne the loss of half your first tart so well, you shall now have a whole one, and so shall Har-ry. Take them up stairs with you, and eat them there.”

Fan-ny was ve-ry thank-ful to Mr. Den-ham, and hav-ing eat-en her tart she went to-bed quite hap-py.

Next day, the time of her vis-it hav-ing ex-pi-red, her fath-er came to town for her and took her home; and when the hol-i-days ar-ri-ved, he in-sist-ed on Har-ry spend-ing them at his house.

THE END.









